

HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBOY'S HYMN

In Sleet, Along Icy Roads, Amex Regiment Goes "Up There"

COVERS 16 MILES IN A DAY

Unit Long Trained in France Shows Itself Eager and Fit for First Lines

FRENCH FOLK BID GODSPEED

Single Somber Happening of the Day the Sudden Suicide of a Private

By LINCOLN EYRE Correspondent of the New York World with the American Army in France

In Paris not long ago I saw a film depicting a regiment of infantry marching down Fifth Avenue on its way to a training camp. Flags were flying, bands were playing, crowds were cheering, and the sun was shining.

A few days later I saw a regiment of infantry marching down a country road in France on its way to the front. No film was made of this march, nor were flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheering or the sun shining.

Yet the spectacle shown on the screen, with all its colorful drama and pathos, was simply New York's farewell to a few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has given her country, while the event I witnessed out here is a momentous chapter in American history. For the regiment wending its way thus drably toward the battle line was the advance guard of great armies to come.

It will be known for all time as the first United States infantry to share with the soldiers of France and Britain the mighty task of safeguarding civilization. Today it is in the trenches, still making history in the grimly prosaic fashion in which modern history is made.

This regiment, one of the first to arrive in France, had been billeted in a village which to give it a name in honor of the great American statesman, was named "Madville." In and about Madville it spent the summer, learning all the French can teach about up-to-date warfare. Toward the end of October it went to finishing school in the trenches, sandwiched in among French troops. There, after the stipulated period of front-line instruction, it returned to Madville, there to remain on a state of feverish expectancy, until along about the first of the year.

Teeth and Feet Important Then things began to move fast. Bulky automobiles containing bulky generals with critical eyes stopped at regimental headquarters almost daily. New officers took the places of the old ones not quite big enough for their jobs. Companies were brought up to full strength by drafts from the replacement division, and the regiment's "veterans" were expected to show these new men what was what.

Finally, toward the middle of January, the news was noised about that the day was close at hand. In the words of one doughboy reported to me by the brigade commander by whom they were overheard, "We're about ready to leave our teaching officers and begin fighting them blanket blank Buses." The business of packing up followed. Bayonets were sharpened with gleeful zeal, fond farewells exchanged with the "petites amies" of Madville, and local shops and company stores were emptied of all the candy and other luxuries they contained.

Not until the night before did orders from the brigade commander stating the day and hour of departure and the route to be taken reach the colonel. The battalion and company commanders had put everything in readiness for the like, however, and there was no delay in carrying out instructions. Promptly at 7:30 a. m. the regiment was drawn up in company formation in the company streets, and just half an hour later, following a brief final inspection by the C.O., it got under way. Then there began the march.

"Local Pride" in the Boys I stood where the main highway debouched northward from the village square and watched them go by. The temperature was four degrees below freezing, a piercing wind was blowing, a chill rain was falling, and every inch of the road was coated with ice, hard on the feet. A Madville patriot donned a hood. I asked him what he thought of "les Americains."

"They have become real soldiers, these big boys," he observed. "One couldn't have found a worse day for this business in the last twenty-five years, yet they make nothing of it."

JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY Standin' up here on the first-step, Lookin' ahead in the mist, With a tin hat over your ivory And a rifle clutched in your fist; Waitin' and watchin, and wond'rin' If the Hun's comin' over tonight— Say, aren't the things you think of Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of For a couple of months or more; Things that 'ull set you laughin', Things that 'ull make you sore; Things that you saw in the movies, Things that you saw on the street, Things that you're really proud of, Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin', Stories you bear and forget, Ball games and birthday parties, Hours of drill in the wet; Headlines, recruitin' posters, Sunsets 'way out at sea, Evenings of pay days—golly— It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homburg, Voices of women folk, Verses you learnt in school days Pop up in the mist and smoke. As you stand there, grippin' that rifle, A-starin', and chilled to the bone, Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin'— Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over? When will the gang break through? What will the U. S. look like? What will there be to do? Where will the Boches be then? Who will have married Nell? When's that relief comin' up? Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

THE TUSCANIA

The traditions of America's fighting forces are enriched and ennobled by the story of how those men trapped aboard the Tuscania, with peril facing them on every side, calmly lined up at attention and sang—that their British companions might sing with them—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They proved themselves the equals in every sense of the Birkenhead's crew, and of the men who, doggedly retreating under a withering fire at Mons while fighting for their King, still had the heart and spirit to sing out their prayer to—

"Send him victorious, Happy and glorious"

They proved themselves the spiritual heirs of "Don't give up the ship" Lawrence, and of "Damn the torpedoes" Farragut, unafraid to die. They faced the stars together with a silence compelling, and the honor accorded them for the way they laid down their lives should be no less than that accorded to their comrades who fall in actual combat with the enemy on the field of battle.

We can guess how this long predicted blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but we know how it must have rallied them and heartened them to learn with what fortitude, with what coolness the blow was met by the men who were the victims of it. For our own part, we know how we feel about it—and what sort of measures we will take to avenge it. The challenge of the Hun will be speedily answered. The people nearest and dearest to the men of the Tuscania's gallant company may rest assured of that.

After ten months' uninterrupted passage of troops from America to Europe, a German submarine succeeded in making a successful attack; and, the success, from the purely Germanic point of view, is at best somewhat doubtful. For where the United States commanders had succeeded in sinking an entire convoy, they succeeded only in bringing down one of the flotilla—and, at last reports probably lost the very submarine which fired the torpedo. Even in sinking that one ship, the Germans did not send many of its complement to death in the heavy sea. Had all on board perished, the toll of the disaster would have been 2,400; as it is, the death roll of Americans contains but 113 names.

To discipline and courage, but above all, to discipline, the 2,288 survivors of the disaster—for it was a disaster, and must in no sense be regarded as unpreventable—owe their lives and their consequent opportunity for future service. They may well pride themselves on their obedience to the ship's regulations, on their self-attained proficiency in boat drills, on their natural American hardihood and resourcefulness. If ever men have learned the value of discipline, of strict obedience, of coolheaded following out of plans, those men have learned it. A costly and a terrible lesson it was, and therefore one well worth heeding. Discipline, first of all, is meant to save lives—the survivors of the Tuscania afford a striking example of its efficiency in combating the devices of the Hun.

Just what has Germany gained? She arrayed the sentiment of the entire civilized world against her when she sank the Tuscania and sent American women and children to a watery grave. She brought the vast power and unlimited resources of the United States into the war on the side of her enemies when she sank the Laconia, a bare year ago. By the sinking of the Tuscania she has made more indomitable than ever before the will of the American Army and Navy and the will of the great people behind them, to rest not an instant until the struggle against German tyranny, against Germany's unclean methods of war-waging, against Germany's inordinate ambition is concluded with a clinching victory for the Right.

"BUSHES" THEY ARE, THEN "Boches" Doesn't Lend Itself to Amex Pronunciation They may be "Boches" to the French and the British, but the Huns across in the German trenches will never be anything but "Buses" to Uncle Sam's doughboys.

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

New Public Spirit Insists On Big Constructive Work

WAR MACHINE RUNS WELL

Governments Railroad and Finance Measures Meeting Little Opposition

HOUSING PROBLEM TO FORE

Freight Congestion Drastically Relieved by Milder Weather and Enforced Holidays

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The dominant thought suggested by the events and discussions of the past week is that, without minimizing the difficulties encountered during the vast efforts of the past months to erect a huge national machine for war, the American talent and genius for constructiveness begins clearly to display itself.

Even in the emergency legislation this constructive men appears clearly. Thus, the congressional discussion on the conduct of the war shows a real striving for a full understanding of the problems involved and an efficient solution. The public is displaying remarkably good sense of political values. Politics is decidedly secondary to a sweeping national desire for a true soundness and effectiveness that shall make enduring the governmental edifice. My belief is that the whole national situation, materially and spiritually, is extremely encouraging and gratifying.

War Machine Shaking Down The indications are accumulating that the whole big machine, governmental and individual, is shaking down to a solid working basis, and that the nation's huge efforts are shaping gradually for a sound future as well as for the present vital war purposes. Significant of this is the full page newspaper advertising campaign paid for by big business organizations, railroads, industries, and banks, for the purposes of educating the public to conserve life, limb, and health, and to avoid carelessness. There is also contemplated a moving picture campaign on "safety first."

Discussion of the Government's railroad control bill shows the same desire for big, constructive work. Hardly any attempt is being made to inject the question of Government ownership into the present problem. The Government ownership advocates presumably could muster formidable support, but public opinion evidently favors a strictly practical test of the whole subject by means of the present form of control.

A Vast Experiment Practically the only issue in the bill now before Congress is the time of return of the railroads to private ownership. The question is whether, as to their return at a fixed date immediately after the war, or an indeterminate continuance of governmental control for an unstated reasonable period. There is no doubt that no better method could have been devised, even in time of peace, to study the whole railroad problem and discover a sound solution than by this vast experiment.

It appears obvious that American railroad management will never be the same again as before the war. I believe that under any circumstances the result will be the creation of the railroads and all other transportation agencies into a magnificent peace machinery, for constructive, co-ordinating, producing, transporting, marketing, and financing.

The war finance corporation bill arouses astonishingly little opposition or even discussion, despite the fact that it directly curbs and hits America's old friend, "High Finance." "High Finance" has not turned angel and probability is as sure as the sun that business, big and little, is at the helm and exhibits a marvellous sudden indifference to the interests that dominated American finance and business opinion so long.

A Rush of Workers Another public activity excellent for immediate war activity is the splendidly constructive for America's future is the intelligent attack of the housing problem throughout the Union. This is directly due to a rush of workers. Towns that never thought of it are now planning or beginning scientific modern housing on big lines, realizing that beauty and hygiene make for the moral betterment, happiness and inspiration of workers. Proportional representation in elections is making headway. The scheme provides for the representation of minorities according to vote. The city of Kalamazoo, Mich., has already adopted a new charter containing such a provision, and there is a bill in the New Jersey legislature which proposes to apply the system to the legislative elections in the eight largest counties of the state. Astabula, Ohio, and Boulder, Col., operate the system now.

Freight Block Broken The splendid improvement in the weather has greatly aided in the solution of the freight problem. The weather has been excellent in the East during the whole of the past week, and fairly good throughout the country at large. Freight congestion has undoubtedly been drastically relieved, and perhaps broken. The present three holidays, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, are giving the country a fine opportunity to rush freights through. We can now face any anticipated bad weather in the future with comparative fearlessness. The fuel suspension order and other

"A PICTURE WITHOUT A TITLE"



What do you call him? Sammy? Say not so. He'd been you proper if you tried it! Yank? Hardly the name for a lad who may be one of the native sons of sunnneece Californerrreeeah? Johnny? He's hanging around a dugout door, not a stage door—just try calling him Johnny! Tommy? Somebody beat us to it and copped that name for the bully boys of Britain. Polli? Polli means hairy, and this bird has the shirring habit. Jack? The flatfoot out on the battle-ship took that name long ago, about the time they began wearing a skirt on each leg. Buddy? Uh-hum; you hear it a good deal, but there are those who don't like it. Bill? Hell! That's this fool Kaiser's monicker. Nix on Bill! Jim? No, Charlie? Hardly; there were two Charlies running a couple of years ago and they both got kicked. Woody? Sb, man, mind your manners! Joe? He's neither old nor black in the picture. Bert? Oh, we give it up. Try, please everybody is just as impossible in the name-choosing business as it is in the newspaper game.

NEW VALOR MEDALS MAY BE CONFERRED

President Has Power to Grant Them—Border Vets Get Badge

Distinguished service medals, to be conferred on members of the American forces for deeds of gallantry in action and other exceptionally meritorious service, may be granted by the authority of the President of the United States alone, acting in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. A recent opinion of the Judge Advocate General states that the President has the power to provide for such decorations, and upon those medals now sanctioned by legislative action.

This decision will be of particular interest to the men of the A. E. F., who for many months past have been looking with covetous eyes upon the Croix de Guerre, the Medaille Militaire, and the Legion d'Honneur worn on the breasts of their French compatriots; upon the Victoria Crosses and the D.C.M.S. won by their British cousins, and upon the insignia of the Order of Leopold as worn by their Belgian Allies. So far as they knew, the only similar decoration awarded by their own Government was the Congressional Medal of Honor, granted only in the most exceptional cases, and then only by a favorable vote in both houses of Congress. It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed.

Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized. By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as

THE STARS AND STRIPES ANNOUNCES

An American News Service—by Cable. American Sport—by Cable. American News from England—by weekly London letter. The whole-hearted co-operation of the American newspaper correspondents in the field with the Army—all to the end that the A.E.F. may have a typical American newspaper of its own.

WHERE ERRING FEET ATTEND REFORM SCHOOL

Reclamation Camp Rescues the Fallen Arch and Gives the Cure to Bunions—and It Isn't a Hospital

A not unknown soldier who rests with in a splendid mausoleum in Paris once remarked that an army moves on its stomach. Of course, the great Napoleon was speaking figuratively, with reference to the need for keeping up food supplies. If he had been speaking literally, his remarks would have applied only to extended order skirmish drill, as we Americans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Feet, then, are at the basis of an army's success. Feet have got to be strong and springy and unweakened by corns and bunions and the like. To be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same care that a doting mother expends on a new-born babe. But, if they are not good and strong to start with, feet are not of much use to a mobile army.

At least, that used to be the idea. The affliction of flat-footedness used to be considered as incurable as leprosy. So it was that army recruiting officers instituted the fascinating indoor sport of making the applicant hop, first on one foot and then on the other, the length of a dusty floor (floors in recruiting offices are always dusty, you know). If a man's naked sole, after that pleasing exercise, showed a neat little patch of white about the arch, he was considered foot-fit and acceptable. If, however, his sole was one flat smudge, he was thrown out into outer darkness.

Plan to Catch 'em Early The British army has similar camps, or schools, but they are devoted in the main to the work of restoring convalescents to service strength, and are run in connection with military hospitals. The aim of the A.E.F. foot school, on the other hand, is to catch men before they break down, before they go to the front—to prevent rather than to cure.

In time, though, it is expected that institutions like the foot school will also have charge of restoring convalescent Americans to health and strength, for the possibilities of developing the foot school idea, as it is called, are literally innumerable. In fact, in time it is planned to have one such school for every Army Corps serving in France, adjacent to the corps replacement camp.

KNOW HOW TO SILENCE 'EM It was one big surprise for everyone in the machine-gun company when the Chaplain of the 1st got Butch into the church for Sunday services. Butch is rated a pretty hard hombre—honest, efficient, and faithful as they make them, but not very careful about his language and more than willing to scrap most anyone any time.

The Chaplain got him one day as Butch was spilling some harness for one of the mules. His line was about like this: "Now Butch, I'm going to ask you to come to church Sunday morning. I know you don't want to, but I want you to come as a favor to me. "If you were out selling lightning-rods you'd at least expect a farmer to let you put one on his house for a trial, if it wasn't going to cost him anything. "Now we've been good friends ever since I came to the regiment, haven't we, Butch?"

Butch admitted they had been. So the Chaplain pursued his advantage: "Good," he said. "Now I'm dealing in an article which I claim will cure a lot of troubles. I'm only asking you to try one sample gunner for some one to lead in prayer."

Somehow his eyes fastened on re-haired Butch sitting only a few feet away. "The little congregation of soldiers crew tense as they waited for the chaplain to speak. You could just feel he was going to call on Butch. "Will this young man kindly lead us in prayer?" he asked. Butch got up. Every eye was on him. Everyone wondered how he'd make out, being called on like that the first time he had been to church in years. But Butch was equal to the emergency. "Let us have five minutes of silent meditation," said Butch.

SCORE ONE FOR CHICAGO New York Crowds to Hear Singer She Passed On to Rival [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The great musical sensation of New York has been the appearance of the wonderful Italian soprano, Amelia Galli Curci, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. There has been a tremendous spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm over her performances, which reminds old timers of the reception that awaited to Jenny Lind, Patti and other stars.

This gives Chicago a great laugh on New York. Galli Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for more than a year past. Chicago hailed her as a soprano conflagration, but New York disbelieved. New Yorkers now stand in line for several blocks to buy tickets.

Galli Curci is twenty-eight years old. She sang in Italy five years ago and then went to South America. She began singing in Chicago for \$300 a night; she now gets \$1,000. Her income this season will probably be \$200,000, within \$50,000 of Caruso's.

COL. ROOSEVELT BETTER

Country Relieved as He Rallies After Operations [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The country has been greatly relieved to hear the reports of Colonel Roosevelt's progress toward recovery, after the two operations he underwent recently for abscess of the ear.

The streets leading to Roosevelt Hospital have been thronged with the motors of the ex-president's friends, desiring to learn his condition. The doctors in charge, while admitting that the colonel's case was at one time critical, have constantly voiced their belief that his enormous vitality would pull him through.

TEA FOR CHINESE LABOR

Chinese laborers who may be on duty with the A.E.F. will get the "Flying Ratton" as set forth in the Army Regulations of 1912, with the substitution of tea for the coffee ration contained therein.

STILL HOPE FOR PARENTS

Secretary McAdoo Will Try to Provide Transportation for Circus [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The circus people are much worried. They fear that there will be no railroad transportation for their shows this Spring.

Last month some big shows definitely decided to lie up and keep the elephant, the giraffe, the zebra, the blood-swinging behemoth of Holy Writ and the other customary spring marvels in camp for the summer. As a result, the wagon shows and those owning motor transportation are expected to monopolize the attention of America's small boy population. Secretary McAdoo, as director of railroads, philanthropically declares that he will try to give the great national moral shows their usual chance to educate parents.

A LIST OF HEARTS' DESIRES

One of the base hospital Y.M.C.A. secretaries gathered "his boys" around him one night in a big hut and asked them: "What do you desire most tonight?" The following replies are recorded: "To hear the ring of the old front door bell back home." "A letter from my 'pineapple.'" "A full-grown locomotive whistle." "An Ostrimoor mattress." "A change of menu." "A hot shower." "My Christmas boxes." "A tango." "To see the smiling face of the town lock." "One crack at the Kaiser." "A stack of Dinn's nap-jacks." "To shoot a game of pool at George's." "A promenade in my Spring suit on Fifth Avenue."